Of you my noble Cooſen Buckingham,
If euer any grudge were logde betweene vs.
Of you Lo: Riuers, and Lord Gray of you,
That all without deſert haue frownd on me,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, gentlemen, indeed of all:
I doe not know that Engliſh man aliue,
With whom my ſoule is any iotte at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my humility.

Qu. A holy day ſhall this be kept hereafter,
I would to God all ſtrifes were well compounded.
My ſoueraigne liege I doe beſeech your Maieſty,
To take our brother Clarence to your Grace.

Glo. Why Madame, haue I offred loue for this,
To be thus ſcorned in this royall preſence?
Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead,
You doe him iniury to ſcorne his corſe.

Ryu. Who knowes not he is dead? who knowes he is?

Qu. All ſeeing heauen, what a world is this?

Buck. Looke I ſo pale Lo: Dorſet as the reſt?

Dor. I my good Lord: and no one in this preſence,
But his red couler hath forſooke his cheekes.

Kin. Is Clarence dead, the order was reuerſt.

Glo. But he poore ſoule by your firſt order died,
And that a wingled Mercury did beare,
Some tardy cripple bore the countermaund,
That came too lag to ſee him buried:
God grant that ſome leſſe noble, and leſſe loyall,
Neerer in bloudy thoughts, but not in blond:
Deſeruc not worſe then wretched Clarence did,
And yet go currant from ſuſpition. *Enter Darby.*

Dar. A boone my ſoueraigne for my ſeruice done.

Kin. I pray thee peace, my ſoule is full of ſorrow.

Dar. I will not riſe vnleſſe your highneſſe grant.

Kin. Then ſpeake at once, what is it thou demaundſt.

Dar. The forfeit ſoueraigne of my ſeruants life,
Who ſlew to day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolke.

Kin. Haue

Kin. Haue I a tongue
And ſhall the ſame giue
My brother ſlew no ma
And yet his puniſhmen
Who ſued to me for hin
Kneeld at my feete and
Who ſpake of Brotherl
Who told me how the p
The mighty Warwicke
Who tolde me in the fi
When Oxford had me
And ſaid deare brother
Who told me when we
Frozen almoſt to death
Euen in his owne garme
All thin and naked to th
All this from my remem
Sinfully puckt, and not
Had ſo much grace to p
But when your carters, o
Haue done a drunken ſl
The pretious image of
Yoü ſtraight are on your
And I vniuſtly too, muſ
But for my brother, not
Nor I vngratious ſpeak
For him poore ſoule: Th
Haue beene beholding t
Yet none of you would
Oh God I feare thy Iuſt
On me, and you, and mi
Come Haſtings help me

Glo. This is the fruit
How that the guilty kin
Lookt pale when they
Oh they did vrge it ſtill
God will reuenge it. Bu
To comfort Edward wit